Numb. 13.

THE TATLER Revived.

By ISAAC BICKERSTAFF Esq;

Quisnam igitur Liber?——HOR.

To be Continued on MONDAYS *and* FRIDAYS.

MONDAY, *November* 27. 1727.

OF all the unhappy Weaknesses that attend Human Nature, there are few, that are of a more mischievous Consequence than Prejudice. As this Failing is generally supposed to belong chiefly to those of narrow Conversations, who keep company only with one particular Sett of Men; or to such of the studious, who confine their Reading wholly to the Writings of such Authors, as are the favourers of those Opinions they have drawn in with their Education: I might be at liberty to speak of it in what Terms I please, and paint it out in the most odious Colours, without any Offence to my polite Readers. But as I believe this ridiculous Folly is already sufficiently despicable in the general Opinion of Mankind, I shall not take up the Readers Time with unnecessary Declamations against it; but rather turn my Thoughts from the Greatness of the Evil, which may be apparent enough to most of them, and apply myself to demonstrate the Commonness of it, which is what perhaps they may not be altogether so well apprized of. Was not Politicks a Subject which I shall absolutely decline, I could shew, that there never was a zealous Party-man, who had not drank deep of it; and considering the Heats arising from the unhappy Divisions amongst us, I believe Prejudice might from this one single Head be proved to have Possession of the Breasts of no small Number of my Countrymen. But as I never loved Politicks, and have lately contracted so great an Antipathy to them from some of the Scenes my Friend *Pacolet* laid before me, that I can hardly bring myself to mention the very Name of them: I cannot allow them even so much room in my Paper, as it would take up to rail against them. I am also as yet not much better in Charity with the Word *Party*; and shall therefore at present consider Prejudice, not as it regards a Partiality or Aversion to any Body of Men or Set of Opinions whatsoever; but speak of it entirely as a private Failing, and as it only concerns our common Pleasures and Diversions.

NOW I have thus shut myself out of so large a Field of Matter, I must endeavour to make the best Use I can of what I have left me. The first Step I design to take, shall be to examine into the Nature of Prejudice; and I think it will be found to be made up chiefly of Passion, Pride, and Ignorance. Neither of these ever enter into the Heart of Man, but Prejudice follows close at their heels: And as odious as these Vices may seem

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629

ſeem to be, I am afraid the very beſt and wiſeſt of us, can hardly lay his Hand upon his Heart, and ſay he is entirely free from them.

BUT to come from the thing itſelf to the viſible Effects of it: What is more common, than to have us out of Humour with a Friend for not liking a Diſh of Meat dreſs'd the ſame Way as we do? or to ſee a Man hold an Argument with a Bottle Companion ſo long, till it is like to come to a downright Quarrel, for his preferring one ſort of Wine to another, which he himſelf eſteems before it? How does the vigorous Fox-hunter triumph in his manly Exerciſe, and deſpiſe the Lazineſs and Effeminacy of the Fop? whilſt the well-dreſs'd Beau, in return, ſmiles at the unpolite Genius of the Fox-hunter, and banters him for his Folly in riſing two Hours before the Sun, to venture his Neck over a Five-Bar Gate after a Pack of yelping Curs? But not to forget the Ladies; With what Contempt does pretty Mrs. *Eaſy* (who never roſe before One, or ever underwent any greater Fatigue, than the ſetting her Foot into her Chair) ridicule the awkard Taſte and reſtleſs Motion of Lady *Fidget*, who gets up before Day, and rattles over half the Town in an hideous Hackney-Coach, to be ſqueez'd to death at a noiſy Auction, in hopes of purchaſing ſome old broken Piece of China, at a Price which would be ſufficient to furniſh an Apartment with that of a more modern Date: And then after coming home, and allowing herſelf and her Servants a ſhort Bait, ſallies out a-freſh in her own Chariot, and ſpends the Evening in perſecuting her Acquaintance with twenty impertinent Viſits? Nor is Lady *Fidget* at all in her debt for her Raillery, but expoſes the Indolence and Inſipidneſs of Mrs. *Eaſy*, whereſoever ſhe goes, for dividing her whole Time betwixt her Bed and her Toilet, and the tedious Entertainment of counting over the Pips of her Cards for ten long Hours together at Quadrille.

WAS I to go on, I could inſtance in an hundred that give themſelves up wholly to ſome one trifling Amuſement or other of a different Nature; and who are every one at the ſame time ſo prejudiced in favour of their own particular Diverſion, that each of them in his Turn deſpiſes the other ninety-nine moſt heartily, for being ſo dull and ſtupid as to place his Happineſs in any thing elſe, but that very Pleaſure from which he himſelf receives his greateſt Satisfaction.

BUT I muſt not run on too faſt, and leave my Moral behind me. This I think we need not take much pains to find. Would we be free from theſe ridiculous Effects of Prejudice, let us carefully avoid the Paſſions that lead to it. Let us never purſue Trifles with too much Eagerneſs, or run into Heats in our Diſputes about them. Let us never be ſo proud and conceited of our own Ways, as to think every body elſe muſt be abſolutely in the wrong, who does not purſue the ſame Meaſures; and let us endeavour to free ourſelves from a narrow Way of Thinking, and open our Conceptions to as unbounded a Proſpect of Things as we can poſſibly: That ſo we may exchange the ill-match'd Qualities of Pride and Ignorance, for Humility and Knowledge, which are ever inſeparable Companions.

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